

THE COMET.

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Curiosity of the Pension Office.

One of the most curious relics now in the Pension office is the file relating to the pension granted to Blaine's great grandmother, the wife of Colonel Ephraim Blaine, of revolutionary fame. It is kept in a cheap blue paper wrapper, and it gives Mrs. Sarah E. Blaine a pension of \$600 a year from the 4th of March, 1848.

It will be news to many that Abraham Lincoln, Frank Pierce, General Grant, William T. Sherman and Jeff Davis have received anything from the government in the way of pensions, but their papers are all filed away in the division allotted to the Mexican war. They are done up in brown paper covers and filed away with about a hundred thousand others lying the walls of an immense office hall. They are curious papers too, and in view of the history of the times since their application they read with interest now. Grant's pension is a land warrant of 160 acres given to him in 1851 for his services as second lieutenant and regimental quartermaster in the Mexican war. His letter making the application is characteristic of the man. It is dated at Detroit, Mich., November 6, 1850, is abominably written in Grant's own hand, and put in the fewest words possible, being signed U. S. Grant, first lieutenant and R. Q. M. Fourth infantry.

Captain Wm. T. Sherman's claim comes from St. Louis, dated about the same time. It asks for two quarter sections of land, one for his Florida services, and the other for his record in Mexico. The claim is presented by Tom Ewing, Jr., his brother-in-law. Abe Lincoln's claim was presented in 1855 for his services in the Black Hawk war, where it cites that he entered for an indefinite period and served for forty days. It is in Lincoln's handwriting, and was granted in 1855.

At this same time Robert E. Lee, then employed at the United States Military academy, at West Point, sent papers here for which he received 160 acres of land for his services as colonel in the Mexican war. Here, are, too, the papers of General Scott, asking for bounty land for his services in the war of 1812. They are signed by Scott and were granted to him while he was general of the army here. Shortly after this come the papers by which Jeff Davis and Frank Pierce were allowed their land claims for services in the Mexican war. L. Waldo was the commissioner of pensions at this time, while Jeff Davis was secretary of State, and Frank Pierce president. Pierce's application is made out in Waldo's handwriting, as is also that of Jeff Davis, and they both abound in fulsome praise of these two officers. Both are endorsed by Waldo as special cases, and a note inclosed with each that they may be let with him to be sent to the pensioners and not to be mailed in the ordinary way.

There are now on the pension rolls eighty-two widows of revolutionary soldiers, and forty-eight of these come from the Southern States. Nine from Tennessee, eight from Georgia, eleven from Virginia, four from West Virginia, and twelve from North Carolina. There is only one revolutionary widow from Mississippi, one in Massachusetts, three in New Carolina, four in Ohio and New York, five in Maine and New Hampshire, seven in Vermont and eight in Pennsylvania.

Among the pensioners are the wives of three presidents. Mrs. Polk, who is living in Tennessee. Mrs. John Tyler, who is living at Richmond, Va., and Mrs. James A. Garfield. Each of these receive \$5,000 a year according to a special act of congress. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln got from 1870 to 1882 a pension of \$3,000. In 1882 it was increased to \$5,000, which it continued until her death. The daughter of another president, Zachary Taylor, also receives a pension at this time. It amounts to \$50 a month, and is given for the services of General Taylor in the Mexican war.—*Cleveland Leader.*

There is a sixteen-year-old boy said to be living at Greenville, Virginia, who is so thin that when stood between the examiner and the process of digestion can be seen going on in his body. It may require a good deal of faith to digest the story, but if it is true he would serve the cause of science mightily by determining once for all the question whether food ought to be well chewed or bolted. This is a question next in interest to the important one of where to get the food. It is a question upon which nations and communities are divided. In England the deliberate chewers are in the majority, while in America the bolters are credited with a larger vote.—*Exchange.*

An obituary notice winds up: "He was a good man and was born in Arkansas and has no doubt gone to a better land." That does not imply very distinctly to which place he went. A fellow need not go to Heaven to find a better land than Arkansas.

The Parlor Daughter.

A great deal of fault is found with the parlor daughter. It is said of her that she sits at the piano and sings, "What is Home Without a Mother?" while her mother in question is toiling over the fire in the basement. No doubt this is true, for the parlor daughter nearly always has a kitchen mother, a good plain, sensible woman who says, "Young people will be young people," and takes every burden from her pretty daughters' shapely shoulders to put them on her own, already bowed down with care.

So you see it is often the mother's own fault that there is a parlor girl. She loves this daughter and wants her to enjoy life while she is young; so she does the work of a servant herself, and is happy in so doing. She loves to hear Lottie play on the piano. It seems to her that she could work all day to the accompaniment of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," or "Sweet Violets." She has been all her life trying to learn one tune and has never accomplished it yet. And Lottie is pretty and has white hands with taper fingers, and goes to a manicure. The parlor daughter had no trouble to educate her mother up to those advanced ideas. She was a willing pupil. She remembers what a hard time she had when she was young, and goes to the other extreme with Lottie, who does nothing but amuse herself, and must have help to do that. She is stylish, and it pays to dress her well. She has a knack for fancy work, painting and other accomplishments that to her mother indicates genius. She writes a lovely hand, and has plenty of correspondent. She takes books from the library, and belongs to the literary club. Her young friends do no work.

The only reason why she should work is to show that she possesses a spark of gratitude; that she has too much respect for her mother who has done so much for her to let her wear out her declining strength in the routine of housework, while she plays the role of a parlor ornament; that she knows in her secret soul that the laborer deserves instead of degrades, that the key of the kitchen is a higher medal of honor than a diploma of idleness. Mother love is something wonderful. It is more best in giving than in receiving. But already the mother's steps are tending down that hill which she never again can climb; her hair is turning gray; her eyes are weary; she wants no unwilling drudge to help her, but service of love. Think you, the creak, creak of that daughter's chair, as she rocks too and fro in the parlor above, is the true rhythm for her to work by or the tinkling of the piano keys, touched by her satiny-smooth fingers, a tremolo of love? Is it a good or a loving heart that will read the thrilling romances of Mrs. Southworth or May Fleming with bated breath and falling tears, while a pale, tired mother is washing dishes in the kitchen? It may be the mother's fault—the fault of a too generous, too unselfish love; but if the daughter has a good heart will she take advantage of such mistaken kindness? Will she not rather prove herself?

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,"
and refuse at once and forever so anomalous a position as that of Parlor Daughter in a home that must be sustained by a Kitchen Mother? No young man with brains will ever expect to find a good wife in a young woman who is not at first a good daughter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Confidence Returning.

This week, says the Boston Globe has been one of the most encouraging that has been experienced for many months. Money has become easier; the stock market has been more active, with higher prices; the bank statement Saturday was again favorable; business men are talking more hopefully and courageously, and the whole outlook is blooming and healthy in every direction.

Advices from abroad to bankers in New York show that crops in India, England, France and Germany are below the average, while there is no question about abundant crops in this country. The winter wheat here has been already harvested, being nearly three-fourths of our entire yield. The spring wheat will all be harvested within fifteen days. The advices from all sections of the corn belt are magnificent.

The situation in Wall street is somewhat peculiar. Heretofore the banks in Boston, Philadelphia and other money lending centers have bought largely of New York commercial paper, but the recent failures have discouraged investment in this direction, because it has usually transpired that family connections were preferred creditors, leaving nothing to outsiders. Hence Boston and other banks refusing credit to such parties has driven many kiting concerns to the wall. There may be other failures, but the causes are well understood,

and no longer have a depressing effect.

In regard to merchandise, which is, on an average, selling lower than ever before, it is believed that the storekeepers throughout the country are carrying hardly more than what in ordinary times would be considered one-third of a stock. This is always the case in a declining market. A revival in the stock market is usually, in fact always has been, the forerunner of an improvement in merchandise. Hence it is reasonable to look for an active and profitable business after the heated term is over.

It can be truthfully said that there is a gradual restoration of confidence going on in the business world.—*Savannah South.*

Why did Logan Invade New York?

What has the State of New York done that John A. Logan should attempt the difficult feat of making a triumphal march through it from one end to the other? Is it only there that this rare old champion of grammar can find congenial companionship?

The State has had a good system of common schools, excellent academies and respectable colleges for a long time, and its people are considered to have at least average intelligence. They have, it is true, some gushers of their own, and it is not impossible to assault on the English language inside its borders occasionally. But nobody dares intimate that the people are so dissatisfied with local talent in these particulars as to demand the importation of John A. Logan.

It may be that Logan has undertaken the contract for demolishing the parts of speech in New York simply because its people are shrewd and intelligent and not wholly up to the mark of language-smashers. But this ought not to be permitted. The Republican platform condemned the importation of contract labor, which would exclude the Illinois statesman. It may be years before the reason for this invasion is forthcoming and it may never come, as it is certainly incapable of the surface of any rational explanation.—*Times.*

The Arctic Survivors.

If it is true, as has been asserted, that the officers of the Greely relief expedition know or believe that the starving explorers were driven to subsist upon the flesh of their dead comrades and that they are endeavoring to conceal the facts, then these officers are simply doing what every other decent person ought to help them to do. If any such facts were established in a careful official investigation they would be promptly made public; but surely the distress and suffering that would result from such a disclosure would be sufficient to induce the officers to be sufficiently sensible to withhold being made a subject of sensational gossip.

We can see no reasonable excuse for the publication of a day or two ago that has naturally led to so much talk. As far as appears there is nothing whatever to base it upon but the suspicions and whispers of ignorant sailors. Certainly it is supported by no such irrefragable evidence as would make this publication necessary, and to give needless currency to such stories under these circumstances is to do a cruel wrong. The matter thus presented becomes the subject of offensive gossip and conjecture that will inevitably leave a bad impression, whether just or unjust.

While it is inconceivable that any one would deliberately invent so revolting a story, it is equally inconceivable that any one should consider it, even supposing it to have a foundation, an interesting item of news. It is simply a subject not to be talked about any more than an accurate narrative may demand, and the sensational prominence that has been given to this story is wholly discreditable. Instead of attacking the officers for their reticence, every gentleman will agree that their refusal to talk on such a theme does them altogether credit.—*Times.*

Bardette on Human Life.

Man, born of woman, is of few days and no teeth. Indeed, it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his days, he wasfeth one-third of them, and as for his teeth, he has convulsions when he cuts them, and as the last one comes through, lo, the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate built to hold blackberry seeds.

Stone bruises line his pathway to manhood; his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him in the street, the playground and the teacher whips him in the schoolroom. He buyeth Northwestern at 110 when he had sold short at 96, and his neighbor unloaded upon him Iron Mountain at 63½ and it straightway breaketh down to 55½. He riseth early and sitteth up late that he may fill his barns and storehouses, and lo! his children's law-

yers divide the spoils among themselves and say, "Ha, ha!" He growl-eth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he beateth upon his breast and sayeth: "My crop is lost!" because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and the frost bieth his peaches. It be so that the sun shineth, even among the nineties, he sayeth, "Woe is me, for I perish," and if the northwest wind sighth down in forty-two below he crieth: "Would I were dead!" If he wear sackcloth and blue jeans men say: "He's a tramp," and if he goeth forth shaven and clad in purple and fine linen all the people cry: "Shoot the dude!"

He carryeth insurance for twenty-five years, until he hath paid three over all his goods, and then he letteth his policy lapse one day, and that same night fire destroyeth his store. He buildeth him a house in Jersey, and his first born is devoured by mosquitoes; he pitcheth his tent in New York, and tramps devour his substance. He moveth to Kansas, and a cyclone carryeth his house over into Missouri, while a prairie fire and ten million acres of grasshoppers fight for his crop. He setteth himself in Kentucky, and the next day is shot by a gentleman, a colonel and a statesman, "because, sah, he resembles, sah, a man he did not like, sah." Verily, there is no rest for the sole of his foot, and if he hath it to do over again he would not be born at all, for "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

Friends of Ireland in Council.

Whether called the National League of America or the American Branch of the Land League, the friends of Ireland now meeting in convention at Boston have but one object in view—bettering of the condition of their less fortunate fellows still struggling against British oppression and many wrongs in the old country. Faneuil Hall is a most appropriate place for such a convention. Such mottoes of the National League as "Right will triumph over wrong" and "The land of every country belongs to the people of that country" sound as natural in Faneuil Hall as if Phillips were alive again and warring old Boston with his human eloquence.

In his conversations with representatives of the press Mr. Sexton, since his arrival in this country, has emphasized the fact that the differences at home between Mr. Davitt and Mr. Parnell are minor differences, having reference to the detail of execution of plans, and that both are determined that such differences shall not interfere with the accomplishment of the main object in view. That object, first of all, is to improve the whole system of England's land legislation for Ireland, so that such discriminations against the tenant classes as even now exist shall no longer be known. It is known that in this scheme Mr. Davitt's views are more radical than those of Mr. Parnell, and the general prevailing sentiment in this country is that the more conservative policy of Parnell stands a much better chance of success. Hence it is that scheme toward which the aid might well be devoted.

There may be some prejudice against the using of this country as the financial basis for the furthering of such reform schemes in Ireland; but in truth it is not natural that Irishmen who have come to America and have been successful beyond what they could have expected in the old country should help, and liberally help, their less fortunate countrymen who have stayed at home. The meeting will discuss plans for effective and harmonious action combining the radical and conservative schemes as far as possible; money will be raised to further the election of such members of Parliament for Ireland as represent in some shape the Nationalist idea, and if the gentlemen at the head of the convention manage it wisely there is no reason why it should not have a decided moral effect on the future of all British legislation for Irish affairs.

A Dark Hint.

The Boston Herald gives a dark hint that when the campaign opens up in earnest some facts in reference to the Republican candidate for the Presidency will be brought out, and so backed by documentary evidence and certified records that there can be no doubting their truth. It is said these facts will create a greater sensation perhaps than was ever known in a presidential campaign, and that they will overwhelm Blaine and utterly confound his supporters. As this hint comes through an independent paper, it is supposed the independent Republicans are the ones who will fire the mine that will annihilate the plumed knight.

Says an exchange, a girl who is handsome enough to produce love at first sight should be locked up during the heated season. She is liable to produce a sunstroke.

METEORS BY THE MILLION.

The Earth Now Undergoing a Fierce Bombardment by the Stray Shells of Space.

The earth is now passing through the stream of August meteors, generally seen in the northwestern sky after midnight. A single observer under favorable circumstances sees from six to eight meteors an hour. But he sees only one-fifth or one-sixth of those visible above his horizon. The total number therefore visible in an hour at a given station is about thirty-five. If we should multiply this by twenty-four we should get over eight hundred as the number visible at a given point of the earth's surface in an entire day, provided that clouds or sunlight did not interfere with the observation. From a single point on the earth's surface, however, we see only a small portion of the atmospheric envelope, and it is within this atmospheric envelope that the meteors become visible. The total number visible over the whole earth in a day would be upward of 10,000 times the number visible at a single station, or 10,000 multiplied by 800 equals 8,000,000 as the number of meteors falling every day to the earth, which would, in the absence of the sun, moon and clouds, be visible to the naked eye.

Fortunately for us, these bodies are not very large, and a protective atmosphere interposes between us and their tumultuous assault. Were it otherwise everything would be battered down to a common level. For the most part these bodies are dissolved in the upper regions of the atmosphere and descend imperceptibly as meteoric dust, a deposit of which has sometimes been found upon the tops of mountains.

The August meteors are usually of an orange color, move very rapidly and commonly leave streaks which last for one or more seconds. These streaks are highly useful in enabling us to fix the radiant point with precision.—*Boston Herald.*

Lower Parts of an Unknown Man Found in Doe River.

On last Thursday, some men who were fishing in Doe River, two miles west of Hampton station on the Narrow Gauge R. R., discovered the lower part of a white man lying on some rocks in the river. The lower part of the body from the hips down was all that could be found. The man had evidently been dead some time, as all the flesh, except from the feet, was gone. He had on a pair of shoes about no. 12. His shoes protected the flesh on his feet. There were small holes in his shoes opposite the place on the toes where corns generally grow. There was no way to identify the body. No man in the country is missing. Whether the man was killed in the neighborhood and thrown in the river, or whether the body has been washed from the country above to this place is not known. There are various conjectures in the community as to how the body came there, and a good deal of curiosity and excitement about this strange and mysterious discovery. A coroner's inquest was held over the remains, and they were interred near Hampton.

The Butler-Blaine Deal.

It seems to be pretty clearly established that Gen. Butler had a conference with Secretary Chandler at Portsmouth on the 26th of July. Chandler then went to Bar Harbor and, in company with Eugene Hale, George M. Robeson and a confidential representative of Steve Elkins, had a consultation with Blaine. Then Chandler, in company with Robeson and Hale, again met Butler at Portsmouth. This was on the 4th of August, and two days later appeared Butler's brief letter announcing his determination to stand by the nominations of the Greenbackers and Anti-Monopolists. There can be no doubt that the old trigger had a full understanding with the Blaine leaders, and through them with Blaine himself. What it involves can only be known to those who are parties to it, but it is pretty clear as a matter of interference that the purpose of Butler's canvass henceforth will be to promote so far as possible the election of Blaine. Should it succeed, of course Butler would be in the combination of jobbers, star-route thieves, corporation speculators and land monopolizers who would control the administration at Washington. To this complexion would the Republican party, with its grand history and its lofty principles, be brought. Butler would be in full fellowship with the leaders, and the leaders under Blaine would be such men as Chandler, Robeson, Kellogg, Elkins, Clayton and the rest.

A nice pious young man, who tried to steal a kiss from a Washington belle, got his nose so covered with red paint that his pastor subsequently stopped him in the street and discouraged him for ten minutes the evils of strong drink.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Like Aunty Gna Hha Aha Hha E.

The man who remains out till twenty-four o'clock can be said to be having high old time.—*Exchange.*

The editor sat and he wrote and wrote By the lamplight pale and dim, While the maiden sang till she strained her throat Who lived next door to him, Then the editor rose with a visage grim, And said as he smote his breast, The sweetest thing on earth to him Was a maiden's voice—at rest.—*Bonnyville Journal.*

A young girl being asked recently, as she returned from the circulating library with latest novelties, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head and answered: "Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read it when it first came out."—*Baltimore Day.*

When I think that there are men who are bold enough to look a woman in the face, to address her, to shake her by the hand, and say to her without sinking into the ground with terror: "Will you marry me?" I cannot help wondering to what lengths human audacity will go.—*Stahl.*

Stephen Whitlock, aged eighteen years, of Lyons, New York, "after eating a quart of peanuts, two quarts of cherries, pits and all, and drinking several glasses of ice water, died in great agony." The cause of his death is unknown, but heart disease is suspected.—*Norristown Herald.*

Departing, I had clipped a curl That o'er her brow did hang; She, smiling said: "You're like a gun, You go off with a bang." At which I pressed her lips, and cried: "For punning you've a knack; But now I'm like a fisherman, I go off with a 'smack.'"—*Wilmington Star.*

"Can death part those who have gauged the depths of each other's soul?" asks Lilla N. Cushman, the poetess. We don't know, Lilla, but it is a fact that after we have gauged the depths of some people's souls we are convinced that they ought to be dead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Oh, mamma, if you will believe it," laughed a pretty girl on her return from the picnic, "the boat jolted as we touched the wharf, and threw me right in the lap of a young gentleman." "Why," was the horrified rejoinder, "what did you do?" "I—I asked him if he would please excuse my landing a little prematurely."—*Exchange.*

Housewife—"Why does your milk look so blue these days, Mr. Scholtz? It never has been quite so bad as now." Milkman (apologetically)—"Well, you see, mum, our cow has lost a calf. She naturally feels rather blue over it, and I s'pose it affects the milk more or less. Can't account for it in any other way—I use the same pump I allers have."—*Judge.*

She dropped her glove— Perhaps in love: He stooped and picked it up. She flushed and smiled, The artless child. And asked him home to sup. He answered "No," And turned to go. And blushed beneath her glance. And off he went— For when he bent, He'd badly split his pants!—*Life.*

"My Daughter Paints" is the title of a new novel. The author, instead of parading his daughter's failing before the reading public, should have reasoned with her at home, and explained how the practice of powdering and painting injures the skin and makes a young lady look prematurely old.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What ails you my friend?" "Hic—cholera!" "Cholera?" "Cholera, thax waz smatter—hic—wiz me. Bad case—hic—hic gimme a dime for medicine!" "But where does the hicups come in if it's cholera?" "It ain't no—hic—Aisheratic cholera—hic—it's Fizburg cholera. Hic—Fizburg cholera good nuff for me?"—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

"It must be so awful nice to have a newspaper man for a husband," said young Miss Yarn to her friend Mrs. Second Edition, who has just married one of the most opulent of that notoriously opulent profession.

"Why?" "Oh, they always bring home a lot of exchanges, and you have no trouble about your bustle," and she adjusted hers with an audible adjustment.—*Exchange.*

"I Hope you are sorry that you took the pants," said an Austin judge to a colored culprit. "I am, boss, for a fac."

"You would not do it again, would you?" "I don't reckon I'll ober getanudder chance at dem ar pants."

"I mean that you are sorry you took them?" "I is dat. I was sorry as soon as I tuck 'em. I s'pected ter find, at de least, eight or ten dollars in dem pants, but dar was nuffin in 'em 'ceptin' a kear ticket and a key. As soon as I run my han' in my pocket I felt remorse, judge, and I bin a remorseful nigger eber since."—*Texas Siftings.*

COMET SPARKS.

Some men have so much brain that they have no room for knowledge.

The dude and dudine everywhere can be seen, laughing and talking, strutting and walking.

An exchange says Cleveland has a population of 227,700. That must be a mistake. Cleveland is a bachelor.

Since the county elections quite a number of candidates have come to the conclusion that they election-erred.

Notwithstanding all our boasted christianity, a dog fight will draw a larger crowd on short notice than a prayer meeting.

John A. Logan, Jr., has been put under arrest at West Point for cursing the officers. Johnny there is no reason for you having the swell head. Your father is not Vice President by a long measure.

What is it that reddens my cheek when you come— Why is it that makes me feel pale when you go? Why is it that in your sweet presence I'm dumb— Sweet lady, fair lady, oh, why is this so?

Oh, why does my gizzard get up in my "swaller"? And why do I squirm on the sofa and grin? What is it that forces a half suppressed holler? Oh, lady, sweet lady—I've sat on a pin.

The Republican party claims to have carried on a crusade against Utah ever since the war. During that time the population of Utah has increased over one hundred thousand. If crusade means to increase, Utah has certainly been crusaded and the Republican party has fulfilled its mission.

"Sam, whar do de white preachers gits de doctrine that dey must jis put de congregashun to sleep before dey can converts 'em." "Well I s'pose dey gits it from de book of Genesis whar de Lord firs' put old Adam to sleep and took Eve from him and she he called de sein of de worl'.

A traveler just from the south reports the following: "On one of the southern railroads there is a station called 'Sawyer.' Lately a newly married couple boarded the train, and were very loving indeed. The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about two hundred times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lips, and the brakeman opened the door and shouted, 'Sawyer, Sawyer.' "What's that?" responded the groom, looking over his shoulder at the brakeman. "Sawyer, Sawyer." "Well, I don't care if you did; she's my wife."—*Cleveland Sun.*

This time we let Bill Arp speak about the troubles of nursing babies, and say amen to the following:

Well nursing is hard work, I know—nursing a fretting child is the hardest work I know of. I've had a hand in that business for thirty years, and I wouldn't go through it again for a house full of gold. Many a night I've walked the floor in my long white garment with a baby in my arms singing a little monotonous song, while I was so sleepy I could hardly walk straight. Mrs. Arp had done her share over and over, and when she had tried and tried to quiet the little thing and worried over it and patted it and nursed it on both sides, and at last in a fit of desperation, straightened up and said, "Here, William, take your child." I always understand her and took her advice promptly; she always said "your child" on such occasions, but when ever I ventured to punish one of 'em she looked indignant and said "my child." She will let me own 'em sometimes. I am sorry for these young folks who have about two on hand and are just beginning to get a fair list of the consequences of conjugal bliss. I saw one the other night trying to quiet a little two year old, and after long and patient efforts, he exclaimed in mortal agony, "Oh, please, Ross, do stop crying for the Lord's sake." I was sorry for him, I was, but couldn't keep from laughing to save my life, and I wanted to exclaim, "Stand up to the rack, my boy, fodder or no fodder, for your child." There are inventions and inventions, but nursing children and raising them has to be done the same old way, and happy are they who go through it with a philosophic smile. It is the great business of life and can't be dodged, and it has its comforts and rewards—rewards that are sweeter and purer and richer than any, for they come to a man when he is old and needs them. Good children, who honor and love their parents, are treasures that gold cannot buy, and they make sweet and pleasant the way that leads us to the grave. There is no prettier sight in all nature than an aged couple who live in harmony and have their children and grandchildren around them to give them comfort. Burns never wrote a tenderer verse than:

"Now we must totter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my Joe."